

HELD'S MILITARY BAND

A. S. ZIMMERMAN MANAGER

Grand Theatre

TOMORROW
SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT

VISITORS

to our city should not
fail to hear the

Held Concerts

MISS C. ELMER, Soloist

TICKETS ON SALE
ALL DAY SATURDAY

40 - PIECES - 40

AMUSEMENTS.

Salt Lake theatre—Willie Collier in "The Dictator," matinee today, performance tonight.

Grand theatre—Held's band concert tomorrow evening.

Utahna theatre—"Thelma," matinee today, performance tonight.

COMING ATTRACTION.

Salt Lake theatre—Wrestling match, February 27th; "The Silver Slipper," February 28-29; Joseph Murphy, March 3-4.

Utahna theatre—Refined vaudeville, week beginning February 27th.

Early in the week Mme. Mantelli came to town and opened the flood-gates of a magnificent voice to an earless wilderness of empty chairs. Mme. Mantelli gave us gems from grand opera and if anything Salt Lakers love it is grand opera. This must be so, because Salt Lakers are really loud mouthed in shouting their musical preferences from empty housetops. Oh, yes! Our people can not endure the cheap lyrics of musical comedies or musical forces. They hunger for Grand Opera, with a big "G" and a large "O." Ask Mme. Mantelli's treasurer if it is not so, and he will show you a money bag filled—with hot air. Salt Lake is certainly a religious town, and when grand opera comes along we all turn Christian Scientists and give it the absent treatment.

Local theatre-goers remember how, some years ago, Nance O'Neil slipped quietly into Salt Lake and won it with her tragic art. She was then only a girl in years, but there was maturity in her methods. We were then told to keep an eye on her career, to listen and we would hear her name upon the lips of fame. Of these prophecies it can now be written, "and it came to pass." Since we saw her, Nance O'Neil has blazed her way around the world. It was like a dramatic triumphal march, with "Welcome" written over the gates of a hundred cities. The reviewers everywhere split luminous adjectives over her art; they outshone the spangles on her costumes. In all lands this California girl was greeted, not as the coming actress, but as one who had already arrived. It was enough to set her young head spinning upon her youthful shoulders. But, with a discretion beyond her years, she took the triumphs not to herself. Only when the actress absorbed the woman did she feel free to accept the tributes of her admirers.

Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India decked her brows with all the impulsiveness of the tropics. In London she met her supreme test and rose to it with all the confidence that makes assurance splendid with fulfillment. Nance O'Neil, in the world's most critical city, heard the same applause that filled her ears in the lands beyond the sea.

No other American actress had received greater adulation from press and public than did she in the great metropolis. Having walked the primrose path around the globe, Nance O'Neil landed in Boston only to hear again the music of applause. She was treated like a returned prodigal daughter, the fatted calf was killed at the boxoffice, night after night. When intellectual Boston surrenders itself to idolatry, there is no limit to its hysteria, no bounds to its excesses. Nance O'Neil was placed upon a pedestal so high that her head struck the stars. Boston Common was filled with enthusiasts worshipping a newly-found tragic goddess.

Her sails filled with the winds of adulation, Nance O'Neil floated into Broadway upon a tide of Boston popularity. Here endeth her journey

doubting Thomases of New York will yet be converted. She is still in her twenties and can afford to wait. One of these days she will shake the Manhattan apple tree and fill her histrionic apron with red-cheeked pippins. Now, mind what I say!

William and Joseph Jefferson were here in that splendid old comedy, "The Rivals." The play is certainly good, even if the two Jeffersons are not so good as their father.

William and Joseph Jefferson inherited the name of their father, but the dramatic stork was less kind to them than to the elder Jefferson.

At the matinee today and performance tonight, you will have a chance to see and hear a wonderfully clever comedian—Willie Collier.

Invest your money and draw a laugh dividend.

Last Sunday night Held's band played two new caprices that took the house by the ears. If there is any new music flying in the air, Mr. Held is sure to get it on the end of his baton. So, at the last concert, "Zenith" and "Pro Yalensie" were tossed out by the band to the delight of the



JOE MURPHY, at Salt Lake Theatre March 3 and 4

through fairyland. Here appeareth also the hidden rocks in the rainbow sea. Had Nance O'Neil gone to New York first, instead of Boston, she might have never awakened from her dream. But, inasmuch as Boston had been favored before Gotham, every hammer in Manhattan joined the anvil chorus. Alan Dale, Metcalf, Winter, Davies and the others saw a chance to hit Boston, through the actress. They got busy, and with brutal hands plucked every foreign laurel from the O'Neil brow. They rushed at her naked throat with butcher knives. But the arrow which Nance O'Neil shot at her defamers is tipped with fire: "I must confess," she said, "that I speak in neither a foreign tongue nor in English with a dialect, and that I am under thirty years of age, unsoiled of the divorce court. To be young and unsensational is, indeed, to be guilty. But I can't help it."

Salt Lake was one of the first cities to acknowledge Nance O'Neil and the

large audience always partial to catchy, snappy music. If Mr. Held does not give programmes containing more classical numbers, the blame does not attach to him—if, indeed, there is any blame in the matter. A conductor who would fail to consult the temperament of his auditors would soon find himself without an audience to consult. Herein lies one of Mr. Held's secrets of success. Lovers of high class music may regret this, but their solicitude applies more to theoretical than actual conditions. Mr. Held is quite right in keeping his eye on the boxoffice. The fiddler has to be paid, and, at the Grand, he is paid by those whose ears delight in catchy, swinging music.

The selections from the tuneful "Chaperones" received any quantity of applause. Litoff's "Maximilian Robespierre" descriptive of the French revolution is rather too sombre and thunderous, but popular, though it has moments—the playing of the Marseillaise—when a Frenchman

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GRAND THEATRE,

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SOLOIST

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might grab a tri-color flag and march up the aisle shouting. The "Hunting Scene," played with dash and spirit, was one of the most popular members. Mr. Zimmerman's cornet solo from Schubert's serenade was in every way a gem. The euphonium solo, "Asleep in the Deep," stirred the appreciative depths of the audience.

Mr. Walter Aylett's vocal solos, accompanied by Mrs. De Lory, proved to be Tyrolean warble songs agreeably out of the ordinary.

The concert concluded with Tilzer's "Blue Bell," played by request.

For Held's concert tomorrow evening an attractive program has been arranged. Mr. Schuster will render a violin solo, also Mr. Sims upon the clarinet. Miss C. Elmer, a San Francisco girl, is the vocal soloist. Prof. Youngdale, who is making a reputation as a composer of marches, has a new offering for tomorrow evening, "The Bell of Panama."

Joel Priest seems awfully concerned lest more than 4318 people crowd into the Tabernacle to hear Conried's German canaries. Now, friend Joel, don't worry yourself about the Tabernacle being over-crowded.

Ten-and-twenty cent melodrama has reached Salt Lake! The heart of the gallery boy beateth with joy long deferred. The novel-reading girl is stirred to the depths of her soul—her hero has arrived and from henceforth will be Johnny-on-the-Spot. A congested box-office, a crowded auditorium, a thousand applauders, have been the nightly record of the new Utahna Stock company in its initial appearance in "Thelma." If there be any doubting Thomases in Zion, who are skeptical as to Mr. Gourley's dramatic policy, a glance at the week's tally-sheets will convert them that melodrama is not dead, nor does it even sleep. The Utahna company makes no pretension to great dramatic merit, but, what is more to the point, "value received" is written over the cast from top to bottom. Any patron of the Utahna will hold up his ticket and swear that it is so—if he doesn't the curtain should be rung down on his conscience. The foot-lights are not for him.

"Thelma," the Norwegian princess, is played satisfactorily by Miss Elsie Gresham, who lights up an otherwise sombre part with bright touches of personal grace and sweetness. She is the leading lady of the company.